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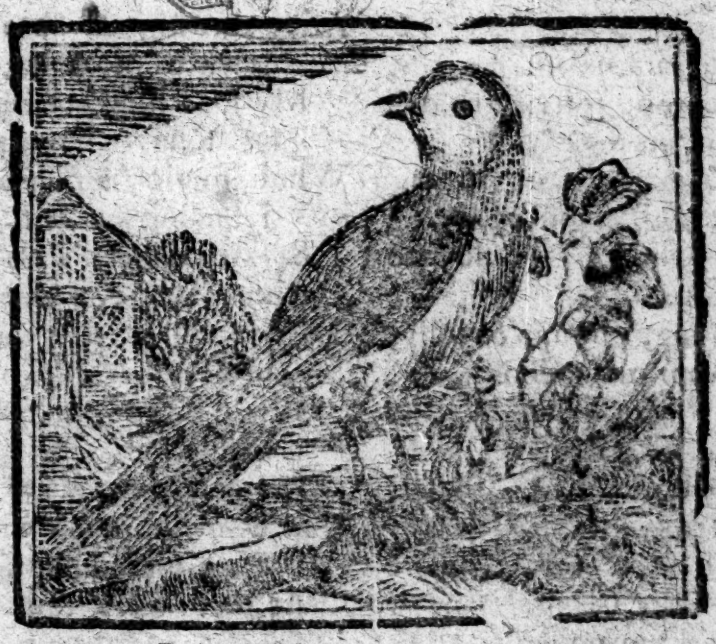
The LINNET.

A Choice Collection of New SONGS.

1 Two Gods of great Honour.
2 William and Margaret
3 Come and liften to my Ditty.
4 The prudent Choice
5 Guardian Angels.
6 The Anſwer.
7 From the court to the cottage.
8 The Milk Maid.
9 The New Guardian Angels.
10 The Cobler.
11 Celia
12 Conſider, dear Daughter.

BRITISH MUSEUM



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The Diſpute of the Gods, decided by Venus.

TWO gods of great honour,
Bacchus and Apollo,
One famous in muſic, the other in wine,
In heav'n were raving,
Diſputing, and braving,
Whoſe theme was the nobleſt, and trade moſt divine:
Your muſic, ſays Bacchus,
Would ſtun us and rack us,
Did claret not ſoften the diſcord you make;
Songs are not inviting,
Nor verſes delighting,
Till poets of my great influence partake.
I'm young, plump, & jolly,
Free from melancholly,
Who ever grew fat by the ſound of a ſtring?
Rogues doom'd to a gibbet,
Do often contribute
To purchaſe a bottle before they dare ſwing.
In love I am noted,
By old and young courted,
A girl when inſpir'd by me is ſoon wou;
So great are the motions
Of one of my potions,
The Muſes, though maids, could whore ev'ry one.
When mortals are fretted,
Perplex'd, or indebted,
To me, as a father, for ſuccour they cry:
In their ſad conditions
I hear their petitions,
A bottle relieves the oppreſs'd votary:
Then leave off your tooting,
Your fidling, and fluting,
Aſide throw your harp & bow down to the flaſk;
My joys they are riper
Than ſongs from a piper.
Whnt muſic is ſweeter than ſounding a caſk?
Says Phœbus, This fellow
Is drunk ſure, or mellow,
To prize muſic leſs than wine or October;
When thoſe who love drinking, [ing,
Are paſt thoughts of thinkAnd want ſo much wit as to keep themſelves ſober.
As they were thus wrangling,
A diſputing and jangling,
Came buxom bright Venus to end the diſpute;
Says ſhe, Now to eaſe ye,
Mars beſt of all pleas'd me,

When arm'd with a bottle, & charm'd with a flute.
Your muſic has charm'd me
Your wine has alarm'd me.
When I have ſeem'd coy, and hard to be won;
When both have been moving
I could not help loving,
And wine has compleated what muſic begun
The gods ſtruck with wonder
Both ſwore by Jove's thunder
They'd mutally join in ſupplying love's flame:
Since each in their functioe,
Mov'd on in conjunction,
To melt with ſoft pleaſure the amorous dame.

William and Margaret.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark midnight,
And all were faſt aſleep,
In glided Marg'ret's pale-ey'd ghoſt,
And ſtood at William's feet.
Her face was like the April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lilly hand
That held her ſable ſhroud.
So ſhall the faireſt face appear
When youth and life are flown;
Such is the robe that kings muſt wear
When death has reft their crown,
Her bloom was like the ſpringing flower
That ſips the ſilver dew;
The roſe was budded in her cheek
And opening to the view
But love had, like a canker-worm,
Conſum'd her early prime;
The roſe grew pale and left her cheek;
She died before her time.
Awake, ſhe cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave,
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to ſave
This is the dark and fearful hour,
When injur'd ghoſts complain;
Now dreary graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithleſs ſwain.
Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath;
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.
How could you ſay my face was fair,
And yet that face forſake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?
Why did you promiſe love to me,
And not that promiſe keep?
Why did you ſwear mine eyes were bright,
And leave thoſe eyes to weep?

How could you ſay my lips were
ſweet,
And m de the ſcarlet pale?
And why did I poor artleſs maid,
Believe the flattering tale?
That face, alas, no more is fair,
Thoſe lips no longer red,
Dark are mine eyes now cloſ'd in
death,
And every charm is fled!
The hungry worm my ſiſter is,
This winding ſheet I wear:
And cold & weary laſt our night,
Till the laſt morn appears
But hark! the cock has warn'd me
hence,
A long and laſt adieu!
Come ſee, falſe man, how low ſhe
lies,
Who died for love of you.
The birds ſung out, the morning
ſmil'd
And ſhew'd her glittering head,
Pale William ſhook in ev'ry limb,
And raving left his bed.
He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margret's body lay,
And ſtretch'd him on the green
graſs turf,
That wrapp'd her breathleſs
clay.
And thrice he call'd on Marga-
ret's name,
And thrice he wept full ſore,
Then laid his cheek to the cold
earth.
And word ſpoke never more.

The Sailor's Complain

COME and liſten to my ditt
All ye jolly hearts of gol
Lend a brother tar your pity,
Who was once ſo ſtout and bol
Till the dart of killing Cupid
Did at once my heart ſubdue;
Sure no one was e'er ſo wounde
As I was by lovely Sue!
Once no greater joy or pleaſur
Ever enter'd into my mind,
Then to ſee the bold Defiance
Sailing right before the wind,
When the waves gently toſs'd he
And her colours gaily flew:
Yet the ſight was not ſo charmi
As the ſight of lovely Sue.
When we landed firſt at Dove
She look'd like a goddeſs bright,
Juſt from foreign parts come ove
And not us'd to ſo gay a ſight
On the ſhore pretty Sukey walk
ed,
Near to where our long-boat lay
Tho' we were ſo near to landing
I, alas! was caſt away.
Gods! what made great Alex
ander
Weep at his untimely fate?
'Twas becauſe he could not wan
der [gate
Thro' the world's ſtrong priſon
The world itſelf is ſurrounded
By the heav'ns & pow'rs above,
Why ſhould we then be confound
ed, [love!
Since there's nothing free but

The Prudent Choice.

AS now my bloom comes on apace,
The ſwains begin to teize me.
But two who claim the foremoſt place
Try different ways to pleaſe me;
To judge aright & chuſe the beſt
I is not ſo ſoon decided,
But when their merits are expreſt
I may be leſs divided.

Palemon's flocks unnumbered ſtray,
He is rich beyond all meaſure,
Would *I* but ſmile, be kind, and gay,
He'd give me all his treaſure,
But then our years ſo diſagree,
So much, as I remember,
It is but May *I* m ſure with me,
With him it is December

Can *I*, who ſcarcely am in bloom,
Let froſt and ſnow be ſuing?
'Twould ſpoil each ripening joy to come,
Bring every charm to ruin:
Fo dreſs and ſhew, to ſooth my pride,
My little heart is panting:
But then there's ſomething elſe beſide
I ſoon ſhould find was wauting.

Then Colin thou my choice ſhalt gain,
For thou wilt ne'er deceive me,
And grey-hair'd wealth ſhall plead in vain,
For thou haſt more to give me;
My fancy paints thee full of charms,
Thy looks ſo young and tender,
Love beats his new & fond alarms
To thee *I* now ſurrender.

Guardian Angels.

GUardian angels now protect me,
Send to me the ſwain I love:
Cupid with thy bow direct me,
Help me all ye powers above!
Bear him my ſighs, ye gentle breezes,
Say I love him to deſpair,
Tell him 'tis for him I grieve,
Say 'tis for him I live
Oh, may my ſhepherd prove ſince e.

Thro' the ſhady groves I'll wander,
Silent as the bird of night;
Near the brink of yonder fountain
Firſt Philander bleſt my ſight:
Witneſs ye groves and falls of water,
Echoes repeat the vows that he ſwore:
Can he reject me,
Will he neglect me, [more!
Oh, ſhall I never ſee him

Can he love and yet forſake me,
To admire a nymph more fair?
If 'tis ſo, I'll wear the willow,
And eſteem the happy pair:
Some lonely cot ſhall be my dwelling,
Never the cares of life purſue;
The lark and Philomel,
Only ſhall hear me tell,
What makes me bid the world adieu.

The Anſwer.

CHarming, lovely, beauteous creature,
Ceaſe to languiſh, grieve, & pine,
He muſt have a ſavage nature
Who can ſlight ſuch charms divine:
Altho' I did ſeem to be ſlighting,
It was only thy conſtancy to try,
Thee only I adore,
And will for evermore,
With Sylvia alone I'll live & die.
Hear me, ye hills and every valley
Hear me renew my former vows:
May the pow'rs above forſake me,
When any other nymph *I* cauſe;
Oh, witneſs all ye heavenly powers,
How *I* the lovely nymph adore!
I'll ne'er forget thee,
No nor neglect thee,
Conſtant I'll prove for evermore.

Gods, what mortal can forſake thee,
To admire another fair!
Thy beauteous charms are ſo lovely,
Few with Sylvia can compare:
Swiftly I'll fly unto my treaſure,
Heaven my Sylvia to me reſtore;
None can her excel,
With her I will dwell,
Sylvia I ever muſt adore
Charming Sylvia, ceaſe to languiſh,
Elſe the groves ſhall witneſs be,
Falls of water have conſtrained,
And their ſounds echo'd to me:
No longer ſhall ſhe mourn and languiſh,
But in ſweet wedlock's bands be join'd,
The lark and Philomel
Then may rejoice and tell,
How I am bleſt with ſuch charms divine.

A Favourite New Song.

FROM the court to the cottage convey me away,
For I'm weary of grandeur and what you call gay,
Where pride without meaſure,
And pomp without pleaſure,
Make life in a circle of folly decay.
Far remote and retir'd from the noiſe of the town,
I'll exchange my brocade for a plain ruſſet gown;
My friends ſhall be few,
But well choſen and true,

And ſweet recreation our ev'nings ſhall crown.
With a rural repaſt, on a bank it ſhall be,
On a maſſy green bank, by a ſhady old tree,
Where the river's clear brink,
Shall afford me my drink,
And temp'rance my friendly phyſician ſhall be.
Ever calm and ſerene, with contentment ſtill bleſt,
Not too giddy with joy, nor with ſorrow oppreſt,
Where I ne'er will revoke,
Or repine at death's ſtroke,
But retire from the world as I would to my reſt.

The Milk-maid.

'TWas at the cool & fragant hour,
When ev'ning ſteals upon the ſky,
That Suſan ſought the woodbine ſhade,
And William taught that grove to ſigh;
The ſweeteſt damſel ſhe on all the plains,
The ſofteſt lover he of all the ſwains
He took her by the lilly hand,
Which often made the milk look pale;
Her cheeks with modeſt roſes glow'd,
As thus he breath'd his tender tale;
The liſt'ning ſtreams awhile forgot to flow,
The doves to murmur, and the breeze to blow.
O, ſmile, my fair! thy dimply ſmiles
Shall lengthen out the ſetting ray;
Thus let us melt the hours in bliſs,
Thus ſweetly anguiſh life away;
Thus figh ourſelves into each others breaſt,
Loving as turtles, and as turtles bleſt.
She ſigh'd, and bluſh'd a ſweet conſent,
He thank'd her on his bended knee,
And warmly preſt her virgin lips:
Was ever youth ſo bleſt as he?
The moon, to light the lovers homeward, roſe,
And Philomela lull'd them to repoſe.

New Guardian Angels.

GUardian angels, now protect me,
Send, ah, ſend the youth I love:
Deign, oh, Cupid, to direct me,
Lead me thro' the myrtle grove!
Bear my ſighs ſoft floating air,
Say I love him to deſpair;
Tell him 'tis for him I grieve,
For him alone I wiſh to live.
'Midſt ſecluded dells I'll wander,
Silent as the ſhades of night;
Near ſome bubling rills meander,
Where he erſt has bleſt my ſight;

There to weep the night away,
There to waste in ſighs the day:
Think, fond youth, what vows you ſwore,
And muſt I never ſee thee more.
Then recluſe ſhall be my dwelling
Deep in ſome ſequeſter'd vale;
There with mournful cadence ſwelling,
Oft repeat my love ſick tale;
And the lark and Philomel
Oft ſhall hear a virgin tell,
What the pain to bid adieu
To joy, to happineſs, and you.

The COBLER.

LET matters of ſtate
Diſquiet the great,
The cobler has nought to perplex him;
He has nought but his wife
To ruffle his life,
And her he can ſtrap if ſhe vex him:
He's out of the pow'r
Of fortune, that whore,
Since low as can be ſhe has thruſt him;
From duns he's ſecure;
For being ſo poor,
There are none to be found that will truſt him.

CELIA.

AT the ſilent ev'ning hour
Two lovers in a bower
Sought their mutual bliſs;
Tho' her heart was juſt relenting,
Tho' her eyes ſeem'd juſt conſenting,
Yet ſhe fear'd to kiſs.
Since this ſecret ſhade, he cry'd,
Will thoſe roſy bluſhes hide,
Why ſhould you reſiſt?
When no tell tale ſpy is near us,
Eye nor ſees, nor ear can hear us
Who would not be kiſt?
Celia, hearing what he ſaid,
Gently lifted up her head,
Her breaſt ſofa wiſhes fill;
If, ſaid ſhe, no ſpy is near us,
Eye nor ſee, nor ear can hear us,
Kiſs me if you will.

The Mother's Advice.

CONſider, dear daughter, what it is to be rich,
Nor ſpurn thus unwiſe at the bleſſing:
The views of being wealthy moſt women bewitch,
Such husbands are ſure worth poſſeſſing.
You tell me he is filly; I ſay he has pence,
His acres are boundleſs, his treaſure immenſe;
A coach and ſix horſes is beauty and ſenſe:
Then prithee no longer refuſe him.

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FINIS.